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Farmville, Virginia

THE

COLONNADE

STATE · TEACHERS · COLLEGE

FARMVILLE · VIRGINIA

MAY · 1942

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're flying Uncle Sam's bombers across the ocean

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain *(nearest camera)*, a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE in the smoke

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IV MAY, 1942 NO. 4

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The Colonnade

VOLUME IV NUMBER 4

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The Columns . . .

ANOTHER SUMMER . . .

Here we are again. At long last, we have reached that point in every year where we can only hope that the earth will stop turning in its orbit and that all time will stand still. We have rushed through the past year, as always, urging unchangeable Time to speed up a bit. We laughed and danced through last Summer, welcoming busy Fall days; we somehow managed to live through the winter quarter and then, suddenly, Spring was here. Now, we have arrived at that desired stopping-place—only a few more days left in the session of 1941-42 and the whole summer stretched enticingly out before us. We would much rather stay right where we are than go on to the finish of this semester.

For you seniors, there is a sadness at leaving, and for the rest of us, at seeing you leave. You have been our sincere friends, our older sisters, our close companions. You have, above all, through your high ideals and standards, served and benefitted Farmville in a way which will hardly be surpassed. You have, in truth, by constant guidance and hearty fellowship, given to Farmville even more than you will be able to take with you in mind, in heart or in spirit. Therefore; we wish we might stop here for awhile and enjoy the deep-felt happiness which our associations have brought us.

However, in reality, summer is close at hand. It will be unlike other summers we have known. We will not merely relax and play for three months. Instead we realize the need for all of us to use our extra hours gainfully. For those of us who have not made plans, there is war work of all sorts, Red Cross work and Civilian Defense work. Let us make this summer thoroughly profitable for ourselves and our country.

THE COVER . . .

Our cover for this issue shows the graduate stepping forth from her role as a student to a new role as a war worker. The original design was conceived by Anna Mary Wilkins, a junior, and was, more recently, adapted for this issue by Peggy Hughes, our senior guest cover artist.

ONE SENIOR TO ANOTHER . . .

Dr. George W. Jeffers, who is head of the Biology Department, kindly consented to be our guest editor for this issue. He has written an inspiring article, in which he compares the senior of 1942 to the senior of 1922 in relation to the times. Moreover, he presents a challenge to graduates-to-be which is well worth considering. This article appears on page five.

CONTRIBUTIONS . . .

Among senior contributors are Allene Overbey, out-going editor of the Colonnade, who writes a humanly appealing story, "Maggie", which appears on page seven; Margaret Wright, whose lovable character, Mrs. Kay, is so like some person we all might know and who comes alive in her story, "Glorious Morning Face", on page eleven; Rachel Abernathy, who is the author of "Remember Now Thy Creator" on page twenty, a strangely dramatic story. Other literary contributions were made by Nancy Saunders, a member of last year's sophomore class, who writes a commentary on Cicero in Munro Leaf's in-a-nutshell style, Virginia Sedgley, whose charming story will make you glad, Jane Lee Sink, Irma Page, Jane Knapton and Carolyn Beard.

Much of the poetry featured in this issue reflects the spirit and intense feeling which the war has injected into the hearts and minds of modern young people. Florence Thierry, Louise Phillips, Martha Roberts and Virginia Hall are among those whose poems appear in this issue.

ATTEN-SHUN! . . .

The combined air, naval, and land forces of Farmville's 1942 armed division pass in review! From General Nancy Naff Austin to Private Shannon on K. P., we love 'em all. We only wish our middle pages could include every one of them.

THANKS . . .

We wish to express our especial gratitude to Allene Overbey and May Winn for "showing us the ropes." We will always be grateful.

WHEREUPON . . .

We wish to remind you of the short story contest which extends through the summer months and ends on October ninth. Don't forget to write for the Colonnade!

Here's to a summer crammed full of happiness in which we will all endeavor to make ourselves useful!

Winifred Wright

DEDICATION

TO THE SENIORS, WHO HAVE GIVEN
MUCH MORE THAN THEY CAN TAKE WITH THEM,
WE FONDLY DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF
THE COLONNADE

"There's a tall pine tree on the crest of a hill
Outlined against the sky.
It's a symbol of strength, and courage, and peace
To a stranger passing by."

—Elizabeth Goodwin, '44

One Senior to Another

George W. Jeffers

THIS is open season on seniors, when every grown-up feels called upon to offer them advice. If in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns—and turns, the fancy of older people turns to dispensing wisdom, and seniors are available lightning rods for their good intentions. Fortunately for the world seniors do not take all of this advice too seriously. To be sure they listen respectfully because they are well-mannered. Like Oliver Twist, they even ask for more. How else can one account for a request essay for ***the Colonnade*** on the subject of seniors?

It happens that I have been a senior myself. I was in college in the early twenties, those turbulent days of awakening to the disillusionment that followed World War Number One. Those were the days of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Flaming Youth"; those were the days that ushered in short skirts, bare knees and boyish bobs; the days when women learned to smoke and speakeasies came into flower; the days when youth gambolled in its new-found release from Victorianism.

In a word, I belonged to that wicked generation of collegians that won for students of today whatever of liberty (or license) that they possess. Figuratively, we thumbed our noses at all elders even while we pretended to be paying rapt attention. One ear was ever on the bell, like an impatient lover forced to pay respectful attention to a maiden aunt's counsel on matrimony.

What was happening under our noses was the end of one world and the coming into being of another. Students could not be expected to recognize the symptoms of the new birth, but instructors were almost equally myopic. It was a time such as the present when both youth and maturity seemed to join with Job in his cry: "Where is the way where light dwelleth?" Little wonder that a small minority of our instructors left their moorings and came over to our side, attempting to masquerade as flaming youth themselves. Their actions were ludicrous even to students, and to this day I look with suspicion upon any professor who plays up to students.

With the things that they told us to do I have no quarrel, but deep down there remains the feeling that we were sold short on certain matters that they failed to mention, or at least that they failed to bring into bold relief.

Consider, first of all, the question of standards. Irrespective of what one thinks of the religion that was obtained in most homes before the first World War, this much can be said of it, it had standards. To be sure, the standards were mostly black and white, without intermediate shades, but standards they were. For most students these standards were reviewed in the light of college conditions and modified to suit those conditions. But my day witnessed such a break with the past that many people, faculty members among them, threw over the old standards without providing anything else in their place, leaving behind an inner sterility. The lesson that was not learned is that:

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> He must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of truth."

I have heard it stated that the war made as many millionaires as there were American soldiers to die on the battlefield. Certain it was that during the twenties the great god Success held sway. Before our day, one had a duty to oneself and to one's God, and it was necessary to fulfill it regardless of whether the effort was ever attended by Success

in the worldly sense. One strove for happiness and for the respect of one's fellows, not for Success. Seniors of 1942 have had more experience to draw upon in making this adjustment between what is transient and what is real in the making of a life.

Not that I would interpret our present chaos in terms of moral failure as our Puritanical inheritance prompts us to do. The attitude of the present generation toward work gives one even more concern. In the old days there was something indecent about not performing even the most menial tasks as well as it could be done. To do a job well was to attain success, first of all in one's own eyes. But that was before the days of "success" magazines, before "How to Win Friends and Influence People" became collateral reading.

Modern science and technology have freed mankind from the sort of drudgery by means of which our forefathers advanced and suddenly, as it were, the children adopt the attitude that work of any sort is degrading, especially work done with the hands. Young people are not entirely to blame. In some cases they were encouraged to shun work by their parents as well as by the lowering of school standards that naturally accompanied mass education.

I am not pleading for a return to grim toil. The machine has relieved us of the drudgery of former times, but unless we are to become the servants of the machine, we must master some skill. Education should be useful as well as liberal. Hence I deplore the tendency to regard nothing of value unless it is rewarded and to be satisfied with any accomplishment, be it never so sloppy, so long as it gets by. As a result we find our nation in grave peril because it has an inadequate supply of skilled workers, workers who can do things with precision. "That man, I think, has a liberal education," says Huxley," who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of . . .".

And yet, man does not live by bread alone. In another respect I find that Alma Mater "let us down". She did not adequately prepare us for living in a world of leisure time. We may curse the machine, but it is more entitled to blessing because it releases us from drudgery. The education that I received did not fit me for worthy use of this extra time. This enforced idleness has perils as great as its potentialities. The use that is made of this leisure time is the acid test of one's education; it is the acid test of our very civilization. Of one thing we may be certain, and that is that the amount of leisure time is going to become greater and not less as we go out into the future.

There, again, I do not quarrel with my education. It prepared for the world as it was and not for the world as it will be. The fundamental fact that we know about the world that seniors of 1942 are to live in, is that it will be a world of ever accelerating change. The sort of change we know not, but, because it will be a world dominated by science and technology, it will be a changing world. For such a world as this the great desideratum of the educated person is a mind so trained that it can cope with any contingency. The educated person of the future will no longer pride himself upon his hardheadedness, but upon his teachableness. The handmaiden of teachableness is toleration and both are evidences of maturity.

We cannot escape the responsibility by saying that we inherited the present from the past. More significant is the fact that we are the ancestors of the future. As in the past only those species that could adapt themselves to a changing environment survived, so in the future of our race, adaptability will be the distinguishing trait of the educated person.

For seniors of 1942 as for those of 1922, life presents the greatest challenge of all. We may interpret the present chaos as evidence of human failures of the past, or we may look upon it as a crisis demanding human adjustment.

"Beat down yon beetling mountain
And raise yon jutting cape.
A world is on the anvil:
Now smite it into shape.
Whence comes this iron music?
Whose sound is heard afar?
The hammers of the world's smiths
Are beating out a star."

Maggie

Allene Overbey, '42

"HOWDY, stranger, looking for a lift?" The man who was driving the out-moded Ford drew his machine to a screeching stop and automatically pulled up the hand brake. Odd, how old people handle a car, as though they don't yet trust it. He leaned out into the rain and shouted the question.

"Thanks." The man in the rain set his satchel in the back of the car and climbed in beside the old man.

"Bad night to be out on the road, stranger—going far?" The old man turned and looked at the rain-drenched passenger. He seemed a nice looking sort, clean face, but somehow old around the eyes.

"Not far," was the reply. "Out of gas. How far you going?"

"Down to the Junction," the old man's face brightened at the thought. "Nearest gas station's there. Go down every Sat'day night to sit with the boys," he went on. "Nice crowd down at the Junction. I got to know 'em when I engineered down these parts. Living back on the farm way I do now, ain't much chance for seeing 'em 'cept on Sat'day nights. Them's nice folks at the Junction, mighty nice."

The passenger was silent.

"Yes sir. Maggie's a mighty fine woman." The old man liked to talk. "She's had a heap o' trouble in her time, but she's stood up like a lady, an' you'd never a-knowed the things she's went through without somebody at the Junction told you."

The passenger seemed preoccupied. "Something happen to her?" he questioned absently.

"Well," the old man was glad of a

response, "I reckon you might say it that way. Maggie was as pretty a girl as ever growed up here at the Junction. I kin remember when I used to engineer the old '33 through at dinner time twice a week. We made a forty minute stop, and I'd take my dinner up at Maggie's Ma's place—same place Maggie runs now. Maggie'd always have a steaming hot dinner for me. She'd laugh t'way she used to and say, 'Here she is, Ned, come an' get 'er,' she'd say. Yes sir, she was a fine youngster, and her Ma was prouder'n a settin' hen of her, too." The old man paused and glanced out of his eye at the man in the car beside him. Queer sort, he thought, somehow old around the eyes.

Brought suddenly to attentiveness by the silence, the stranger flinched slightly and coughed uneasily.

"You ain't talkin' much, stranger; reckon you caught cold out there in the rain."

"Yes," was the jerked reply, "yes, reckon I did." The man seemed uncomfortable. "You were saying—," he went on. But he seemed not to listen to the story the old man told.

"Well," the old man concluded he might as well finish the story. He liked to talk. "I was a-saying, Maggie growed up to be the prettiest girl in the Junction. Working there where she did, she got to know a lot o' travelers an' all—folks who stopped in for the night at her Ma's boarding house.

"There was one, a queer sort of fellow, never did figger he had much to him. You can sorta look at a man's eyes and judge what's to him, I reckon. Him and Maggie took to each other like a fish takes to water. Maggie's Ma, she won't so strong for Bill either, but I reckon she figgered Maggie knowed what she was doin', so when they come in one night and 'lowed they was married, won't nothing said. Maggie's Ma took on a little to herself, I reckon, but nobody never knowed it, and she treated Bill nice as you ever say, like he was her own son."

The man beside the speaker in the car seemed to shift a little. The old man thought this was a good sign. It was easier talking when your party took a little interest.

"'Twon't long after, though, that Bill started going off without Maggie," the man went on. "He'd leave for sometimes a week, and nobody never knowed where he went. Maggie never showed how deep it hurt her, but we all knowed how she felt about Bill, and we all knowed too that there won't nothing nobody could say.

"Then little Bill came. He was a fine little rascal as ever you saw, but he looked too much like his Pa, I reckon. After he came, Bill seemed to stick around with Maggie more'n usual, and we all thought the youngster had cured 'em. Bill loved his boy, no denying. But things didn't stay that way for long. I reckon you can't change a man's nature when he's just naturally no 'count.

"When they left, Maggie seemed to lose interest in things around. Her Ma got old all of a sudden, grieving 'bout Maggie, I reckon, and when she died, Maggie just stepped into her place like the woman she was and brought herself 'round like as nothin' ever happened. That's been twenty years or more, I reckon. Mighty long time."

The old man seemed to have finished his story. He took a deep breath, shook his head sadly, and settled down to his thoughts.

"What become of the boy?"

"Nobody ever rightly knowed." The old man was talking half to himself. "Reckon he grew up in his Pa's bad business. Bill took him with him when he pulled out. That's what hurt Maggie the most, I reckon, having her baby took away from her.

"She never speaks of it, not to most folks she don't. Once she mentioned it to me when she was mighty sick. She said: 'Ned, I don't mind goin', she said, 'but I hate to leave without ever seeing him again. No matter about Bill', she said, 'but little Bill's my boy, Ned, it ain't right I should go without seeing him'."

There was a screeching of brakes as the old man drew his car up to the curb. "Here we are, stranger," he said. "Sure you won't come in for a smoke with the boys? Awful bad night to be out on the road."

The man's face was drawn slightly. "No", he said, "not just now. Thank's for the ride, Mister, thank's a lot." He started off in the direction of the station. The old man studied his disappearing figure

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This Thing We Shall Know Forever

Florence Thierry, '42

Campus shadows changing, changing,
Rat caps—mortar boards—years between.
Working—playing—eating—sleeping;
Great dreams wrought and great tasks dreamed.
Feet on hallways seeking classrooms,
Running, leaping, hunting fun;
Restless bodies; young minds eager;
Lives and loves and jobs well done—
All are shadows changing.

Shall we choose to know forever
Shadows melting, moving on?
Senior souls all speak together,
"We would, who love them every one.
We tuck each shadow well within us.
It warms us, thrills us—fades away.
There! Uncovered, spreading outward—
Roots of Love carve out the Way.
This thing we shall know forever!"

An Apology, Dear God

ANONYMOUS

In the west the sun was sinking; I walked apart—
Glad to be alone, for I was sick at heart;
Sick of the world, all its hatred, its scheming life,
Tired of its disillusions, its struggles, its strife.

All seemed hopeless as I watched the wide expanse of sky—
And my heart tore from within me a wish that I might die;
A wish to end all heartache, to find peace, more and more,
To find eternal slumber. Could I wish or hope for more?

But then! then the glory of the sunset swept into my soul—
It lifted up my heart, and my life once more was whole;
I cried out in understanding, "O God, forgive!
No matter what the sacrifice—I want to live!"

Glorious Morning Face

Margaret Wright, '42

"If I have moved among my race
And showed no glorious morning face
Lord thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake."

—R. L. Stevenson

In all her experience Carol had never met anyone as essentially good as Mrs. Kay. Carol was busily putting the covers on the books when she heard Mrs. Kay talking to one of the members of the Gold Leaf Library. "Why, Mrs. Prendergast, that's too bad. What a shame! I never heard of such a thing, and in this heat, too." This conversation brought back to Carol something that had been on her mind for several weeks.

Mrs. Kay had a most sympathetic ear for the trials and troubles of the readers of her small rental library. Her customers said of her, "She's too good to be an efficient business women. People take advantage of her; she is so obliging." And yet, they were all prone to place their troubles on her plump and somewhat rounded shoulders, assured of receiving the utmost sympathy. The little lady of the library had the art of saying just what her customers wanted to hear with the right intonation of joy, sorrow, surprise or excitement over their confidences. Very often Mrs. Kay's rights were infringed upon by thoughtless and extremely aggressive persons. At this point Carol's trend of thought was broken by an irate customer demanding that red book under the stack in the far corner. No, that wasn't the book after all. (Invariably it wasn't). After satisfying the irate one Carol went back to her musings of Mrs. Kay.

Always cheerful, always thoughtful of other people. It seemed she was forever going out of her way to make something easier for someone else. And quite often it was at her own inconvenience. Why it was only yesterday that the Westover laundry man brought two large packages for Mrs. Gilliam. In the summer Mr. Gilliam stopped by every Friday night for the laundry for their cottage at the beach.

This is certainly good for my patience at any rate, Carol thought. For when Mrs. Kay is so nice, and says it never bothers her or gets in her way how can I be curt about stumbling over the laundry at every turn. The library consisted of eight or ten scant shelves in one corner of a gift shop and half of an alcove just back of the corner.

"Yes, Mr. Barnes. I have two new mysteries for you. The ones you've been looking for. I'm sorry they're late, but they were held up at the publishers."

"Umph!" he growled taking the books. And Carol thought she heard him mumble "Thank you" as he left, but she couldn't be sure. Mr. Barnes was always the first to read the new mysteries.

Straightening the returned book, Mrs. Kay's assistant retraced her mental musings of Mrs. Gilliam and the laundry. It does get in the way. I really don't mind except that it isn't just the laundry. It's five or six other things every day. Other readers also think of the Gold Leaf as a parking place for their purchases and clumsy packages, as it is centrally located in the business section and convenient for husbands and chauffeurs. No trouble at all for them.

Carol shrugged her shoulders as she glanced over the collection today. Mrs. Lewis was coming back for those two square packages. Birthday presents for two nephews, she had told Mrs. Kay confidentially. Then Julia Duval had a dress box sent up from Kent's. There were groceries Mr. Parker was to pick up on his way home from the office.

"Yes 'Keys of the Kingdom' just came in this morning," said Carol to the nurse

from Memorial Hospital. But Carol's mind wasn't on finding "Keys of the Kingdom". Getting the book, covering it, and checking it was merely mechanical. In reality she was thinking how funny it was that this hole in the wall with a few shelves and eight or nine hundred books should have more business than any other book shop in the city.

As the colored boy left with her package of mail orders, Mrs. Kay sat down, fanned herself, and relaxed for two minutes. Thinking better of her idleness she rose from her chair and sighed, partly because of the heat and partly for regret at having to sort out 200 books in the stuffy little room situated at the rear of the shop. "I'll be in the back if you want me, and any time you want to leave will be all right," Mrs. Kay said to Carol as she slowly trudged up the steps leading to the back room.

Left to herself, Carol's mind again reverted to Mrs. Kay. What did life hold for the plump little lady? What did she gain from it all? Why was she so full of the love of being when she had so little? For fifteen years she had stood on her feet every day. The library was by no means an over-prosperous business and, since her husband's illness three years ago, had served to support them both. A sempiternal cold was her fate during the winter months. Through all this she could listen to the trivial wants and cares, misfortunes and "slightities" of those far more fortunate and in far more advantageous circumstances. True, her troubles had given her a keener insight, a sharper feeling for those in difficulty, yet what was it that gave her the courage, the hope to give, knowing that she would receive so little in return? Carol was not a selfish person. Still, it was incomprehensible to her how anyone could give as much of herself and know that her thoughtfulness would probably pass unrecognized.

. . . . . .

Carol felt an excitement, a challenge as she fitted the key in the lock of the library door. She had never handled the library entirely on her own, and today she was the sole person there, completely in charge. Mrs. Kay was in bed. It was a case of summer flu. She would have to do everything —set aside two mysteries for Mr. Barber, find five light novels for Mrs. Barksdale, the young invalid, put away one good nonfiction and two murders for the college professor, et cetera. This was aside from doing the regular filing, bookkeeping, and selecting books for readers as they came in the shop.

The first two hours were more like the Christmas Eve rush than a hot Monday in July. Three out of every five persons said that they had never selected their books. Mrs. Kay had always done it for them. The telephone buzzed constantly.

"No, Mrs. Kay wasn't seriously ill. It was just a case of summer flu." To every reader Carol had to go into detail about Mrs. Kay's indisposition.

The day flew by for Carol, who was utterly exhausted by six-thirty. She had discovered, to her amazement, that it was not a terribly difficult task to suit books to the readers, even if she hadn't read the books. There was a knack of doing it that made it similar to playing a game.

"Tomorrow will be easier," she decided on her way home. Then what had been worrying her about Mrs. Kay returned again. Now she had a different angle. People had been concerned about Mrs. Kay's health and promised to send jellies, soups, and flowers. Everyone had good intentions, but usually thinking of them was as far as some went. However, she still could not answer the riddle of Mrs. Kay. It didn't seem at all fair for one to give to others all her life and have so little to live for.

Tuesday started with a steady drizzle of rain. "Maybe the rain will keep some of the readers away," Carol thought. It wouldn't be so bad if they all wouldn't come at one time.

Carol was surprised to find three packages addressed to Mrs. Kay. "Nice of them," thought Carol. Tuesday proved to be even worse than Monday. The telephone rang continuously, but today it was not for books. They were inquiring about Mrs. Kay. The Gold Leaf Library should have been called Grand Central Station this Tuesday. At noon the pile of packages had increased from three to seventeen.

Continued On Page 32

Pen Poise

"I AM that unfortunate mortal my mother donated, and one who rides the clouds one day, and writhes in the dumps the next."

•

"MY thoughts congeal at the idea of taking my feet off the ground."

•

"AS FOR my susceptibility to masculine charms, I think that 'silence is golden' in that case, too."

•

"I'M ONE of many who feel a desire to tell all she knows about herself, and once she's made a good beginning, finds that there are a lot of things that should remain unsaid."

—ANNE FITZGERALD

• •

"DURING the interim of voiced and unvoiced steps, I mentally planned my line of action."

•

"THROUGH my mind's eye, I saw myself moronically walking to a haven of refuge."

—MARY PARRISH VICCELLIO

• •

"OUR leisure is the spice of our existence."

•

"I know our love can weather
The tumult and the storm,
But can it stand the fall of selfishness
And still keep free from harm?"

—LIZ GOODWIN

• •

"EVEN the dust of the historic old street has fascination for me."

—MARY MOORE MCCORKLE

• •

"MY inevitable cramming more often than not turns into a riot."

•

"IF YOU must cram, cram all the time."

—ANNE STEWART

"AS THE last notes faded away, we realized that we were ready to face life and that we were going to do our very best with it."

—MARY LEE PEARSON

• •

"OUTSIDE the rain slashed fiercely against the panes while the ruthless wind exhausted itself against an invincible foe . . . . Restlessly, she turned her face toward the tear-streaked panes."

•

"SHE placed her transparent blue veined hand upon the bell, and waited to hear the faint echo.

—NANCY SAUNDERS

• •

"I found God's values not like those of men,
But past man's farthest dreams and fancies, when
I pulled away some diamonds from its face
And saw God in the Queen Anne's Lace."

—MARY STUART WAMSLEY

• •

"THE blackened iron pot that held sizzling, melted fat, was set on the front of the stove, and limp round, centerless pieces of dough would be dropped into its depths."

—JANE KNAPTON

• •

"Ah, yes, 'tis the old, old story
Of spring and youth and beauty,
Of light hearts and brilliant days
That know no care or duty."

—VIOLET WOODALL

• •

"TRUTH is very potent stuff. It cannot be tossed around. The way it is mutilated is a constant menace to society."

—JANE SANFORD

• •

"THEN there are the pictures and cartoons of long-haired, absent-minded, moronic looking individuals who are captioned as 'poets'."

—VIRGINIA SEDGLEY

Quest For Peace

Virginia A. Hall, '43

"We'll fight for peace,"
The mobs have cried;
"We'll fight for peace."
And then they died . . .
—Without it.

It is not made on battle fields;
It follows not the chariot wheels,
But simple men from ages old
Have found it sleeping . . .
—In their souls.

Queer Duck?

JANE LEE SINK, '43

JIM BRADLEY punched Anthony Valentos playfully in the ribs as they seated themselves, whispering teasingly, "Well, old man, this is the big day when you clean up the market for having the most gray matter that Stanford has ever had pass within her portals."

Tony greeted this with a slow smile, but his strong, dark face grew suddenly thoughtful. He was thinking of how fine a friend Jim had been to him these four happy years and of his silent worship of Jim's prowess in athletics and that winning charm and grace that somehow made you feel a better man for knowing him. The soon-to-be separation was going to be painful . . . His thoughts turned wistfully to the world waiting to be wrestled out there and to the tired, proud little woman on the back row to whom he owed so much. He winced as he recalled her shabby coat and outmoded hat among all that dash of style and class, but his shoulders squared at the remembrance of her eyes filled with faith and trust uplifted to his as he walked the seemingly endless length of the auditorium to his seat on the second row.

Bradley's powers of concentration during that long winded address by the visiting Dr. Butler wavered and finally gave up the struggle completely and was off on a tear all its own . . . Gee, he mused to himself, stealing a glance at Tony, look at that queer duck hanging on every word. No wonder he's made straight A's. It sure was grand to be over this bore of books and cramming, but the football thrills and swimming meets certainly had been something. Golly! His thoughts winged skyward as he dwelt on the new car, a red Pontiac with white sidewalled tires, and the promised trip to Mexico . . . Wasn't Dad a brick! My! Oh! My! life certainly was sweet . . . Bradley swung back to reality as he heard his name being called, he scrambled his length of six feet four to attention and approached the platform to receive the coveted silver cup for the most outstanding all around athlete of the graduating class. There was much applause, for Jim Bradley's winning charm had endeared him to his fellow classmates, and the undergraduates present were certainly going to miss those spectacular passes next football season. President Manners, as he gave the awards and honorable mentions, paused to give hearty handshakes and personal words of approval to his boys as they came to receive their awards. The last name to be called was Anthony Valentos, and as Tony mounted the stage the president put his arms around the thin shoulders and, turning him to the audience, said quietly, "This boy has been a credit and joy to the institution, not only has he been president of his class these four years, which is a great mark of approval and achievement among our boys here at Stanford, but he has also maintained the highest scholastic rating of any boy yet to attend our school. All this he has achieved even though carrying an extra load of work in the college biology laboratory each day to help his expenses. Tony has a great capacity for making friends and in his quiet, gentle way has won all our hearts, and we regret to part with him."

A great clapping of hands and a cry for a speech greeted Tony as President Manners concluded. Then everything grew quiet as they waited eagerly to hear what Tony had to say. Tony's face was moved with emotion and, turning to President Manners and then to the audience, he said in a clear low voice that penetrated the very walls of the old building, "All this is not for me."

He then descended the steps and walked to the rear of the auditorium, with a strange light on his face, straight to the little woman seated in the rear on the very last

Continued On Page 32

Keep 'em Flying!
To Victory
Size '42
K.P.
(keep peeling)

On the land
MANEUVERS
In the air
Top Kick!
Sexton

"Below the Potomac"

VIRGINIUS DABNEY—*Appleton Century Co., New York,* 1942, $3.00

"BELOW THE POTOMAC" is not merely another book to be read and forgotten, but one which contains valuable data on many Southern questions.

Written by a native very much experienced in Southern ways, the book not only presents Southern problems but makes these clear through frank analysis. Mr. Dabney makes no excuses for the South; he gives credit where it is deserved, but he does not try to make the South into the romantic, fun-loving place portrayed in the movies and popular novels.

The twelve chapters of this book explain a vital phase of Southern life. Our author believes that if the South were divided politically it would be more progressive. Are we as students willing to hear the truth about our section? Many of us, as this book makes clear, are taking too much for granted, willing to accept the thoughtless and uninformed comments of outsiders. Read his book and learn what a discerning Southerner says about the Negro, Huey Long, the New Deal, and the prospect of "No North or No South". There is an excellent summary of Defense work in the South. We think of our section as poor in minerals, but it is discovered that the South has many of these valuable aids to war and industry. Mr. Dabney foresees a great industrial future for the section of traditional poverty.

—VERA BARON, '42

"The Moon Is Down"

JOHN STEINBECK—*The Viking Press, New York,* 1942, $2.00

JOHN STEINBECK, the man of many moods and many ideas, has again appeared on best seller lists with his short novel, ***The Moon Is Down.*** For the first time in his career, Mr. Steinbeck has gone out of this country to portray to his readers the lives of those in the oppressed countries of Europe.

Here he practices the adage "Don't tell names and tales, too", but there is little doubt that the reference is to the Nazi invasion of the smaller countries. This novel will strike home to all of those who still say, "It can't happen here." The story concerns a small, peaceful country suddenly overwhelmed by a belligerent nation whose swarms of soldiers with lethal equipment make what little resistance that can be offered a waste of human lives. The determination of the conquered people to go on with their way of life is immediately futile, but yet they prove unconquerable in the end.

The characters of the book are as familiarly human as our next door neighbors, and Mayor Orden is destined to become an immortal of contemporary literature. The people depicted are not remote races thousands of miles away, but are inured to the same ideals and traditions as we ourselves.

This may sound like the average run of novels depicting the present situation in Europe, but this book is unique in a variety of ways. For instance, it makes possible sympathy with the oppressors as well as the oppressed. The invaders are normal human beings who have been led unwittingly into their despised roles and who can find no alternative. They, too, cling blindly to the

hope that some day the world will straighten itself out.

Mr. Steinbeck has always been inclined to portray the downtrodden, and in this novel he shows exceptional skill in this role. Here is unexcelled drama of the courage of a simple people who ask nothing except their freedom of life. If this book is called propaganda perhaps we need more of it.

—Harriet Cantrell, '42

A Time for Silence

Andre Maurois—*Appleton-Century Co., New York,* 1942, $2.00

"Well, it seems to me that the best part of our misfortunes — our moral unhappiness, I mean — comes from the fact that we have words to describe them . . . we give them body which is not their own, for the words of common language do not always correspond to our sufferings, which may be of a new and distinct sort . . . and then, too, words prolong and preserve sorrows that should long have been forgotten."

Thus does Andre Maurois express a part of his philosophy, that sometimes silence is wiser and kinder than the spoken word and through the mouth of a character, Gaston Romilly, gives a theme, or lesson, to his novel, ***A Time for Silence.***

Valentine Romilly and her husband, Gaston, were a happy bourgeois couple living on a comfortable estate in Perigord, "one of the most beautiful provinces in France", in the agreeable monotony of a genteel existence until their only daughter, Colette, fell in love and wanted to marry Andre de Saviniac, the son of the region's most prominent family. Then was the peace and quiet disrupted as the event threatened to bring to life certain embarrassing and unpleasant facts concerning Colette's birth. Matters were smoothed out, however, by the intervention of Madame de La Guichardie, a wealthy old widow and the most powerful force in the region's society.

The plot is slight and merely concerns the leisurely unveiling of past events that have remained silent in the hearts of the characters. In other words, the story portrays provincial life, "a picture of human frailty projected against the background of peace and timeless beauty that is the French countryside."

The story is deftly constructed with no unnecessary intrigues of plot or irrelevant explanations of events. Yet it is French in spirit with emphasis upon the "undiscussable" in the eyes of the Englishman and American. But the French are frank writers and though their spirit is somewhat foreign to us, they give us an intimate understanding of life that we would do well to appreciate.

—Mary Hunter Edmunds, '42

Introducing Australia

C. Hartley Gratton—*John Day Co., New York, York,* 1942, $3.00

Because of her strategic location, Australia's role in world affairs has become vitally important, and will inevitably be increasingly so. In view of this fact, C. Hartley Gratton's latest book is one of the most timely of recent non-fiction offerings.

Integrating a study of the geography of the continent with its political and economic developments, the author presents a detailed and comprehensive picture of Australia and her people. Within the one hundred fifty odd years of its history the country has gone through an extremely rapid evolution which has carried it from the absolute autocracy of a penal colony to the freedom of a modern social society.

Mr. Gratton not only traces this evolution in all its aspects, but also discusses the character of the Australian people and the features of their every day life—what they look like, how they dress, what they eat, their religion, their speech, their amusements, their schools. All of these things give the book, which otherwise tends to be too factual, a lighter and more human touch.

The Australians are, of course, of English descent. However, because of their isolation from Europe, and because they, like ourselves, had to build a society from scratch in virgin soil, they have been greatly influenced by American ways. The

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Remember Now Thy Creator

Rachel Abernathy, '42

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
While the evil days come not,
Nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say,
I have no pleasure in them".

"REMEMBER now thy Creator . . . " The thought kept running through her mind, as she rocked back and forth in the shaded coolness of the front porch. "Remember now thy Creator . . . " One of the children had read it to her as she dressed him for Sunday School this morning. It was in his Scripture lesson, and he had wanted her to hear it. Now the words, which she had never particularly noticed before, would not leave her. They drummed with a regular insistence at her mind. What was their significance? What did they mean for her life?

She watched a chicken lazily scratching among the weeds that grew so close to the house. She had wanted the boys to plow that little corner there and plant some zinnias and petunias, but they had neglected to do so. And now the summer was too far gone to start a flower garden. Well, maybe next year there would be more time and they could plant a few colorful plants to hide the ugliness of the yard. There was always so much work to be done on the farm that she hated to ask any extra favors of her boys in their few leisure hours.

She was glad that all eight of her children could go to church together. It made a full car load, with them and Daddy. But Francis and Cloud and Susie were so small that they could sit very easily on the others' laps. Sometimes they asked why she didn't go with them; they thought she ought to go to church, too. Years ago when she was younger and there weren't so many to fix for she used to ride in the buggy down to Mount Carmel to church.

But now she never felt like dressing up and rushing and bustling to get to the services on time. The few times she had gone in the last few years, she had not received any religious inspiration. Her thoughts had wandered far astray from the sermons of the ministers; there seemed so little real meaning in what they were saying. Their words seemed to lack practical help for everyday living. The loud talking and much speaking was of little concern to her; nor apparently did it make any impression on the other listeners who sat with stolid, complacent faces in their customary pews. But she mustn't be critical of those who were faithful through their attendance. Perhaps it was her own fault that she did not find any spiritual food in the House of God.

No, she didn't feel bad about not going. A long time ago perhaps her conscience would have hurt if she had thought much about it, but at that time she had had no time for just thinking. There were so many tasks to keep her busy—steady work all week long, and then on Sundays the extra little things that made Sunday different. She tried to have a special kind of dinner for the hungry horde, returning home after services, but while she prepared it, there were always the little ones, not yet old enough to go with Daddy and the others. And there were the chickens, the cows, and practically everything on the farm requiring attention. When the children would all come trooping in, rather uncomfortable and at a loss for something to do because they couldn't spoil their best clothes by playing, she would have to hurry to get their dinner on the table. After they had eaten and she had re-dressed them in their old clothes, and they had gone out to play or visit, Daddy would discuss with her what had been said at church. The message somehow seemed to have more meaning when he told her than when she went and heard it herself. Maybe that was because he could

translate the Sunday religion into a form she understood. That was the best part of the day, when the children were either out of hearing or were quiet and she and Daddy talked and made plans for the coming week or for the more distant future.

She felt sure that the neighbors thought she was sinful because she didn't take part in all their organizations, meetings, and church services. She had heard what they had said about not supporting the work of God and about not setting a good example for the children. They had talked a lot, and part of it was probably truthful. But they just didn't understand. If any of them had borne eight babies and reared them and still had to take care of them, they probably wouldn't do so much going either. Of course, her boys and girls were growing up now. The baby was four. And she had really planned to cooperate more directly with the Missionary Society and the Sunday School now that she had a little more time. But she was always so tired. A feeling of great fatigue and weariness that sleep and rest couldn't dispel had settled over her. She still wanted to do things—to visit with Daddy, to go with her boys and her girls and meet their freinds, and to go shopping and buy pretty new things. Yet she just couldn't.

At fifty, she was old. She knew it. There had been too much plain, hard drudgery and too little rest and recreation in her life. And this fatigue which was always with her was a symptom of physical breakdown. No human person could stay young very long under the continual strain of babies and unceasing toil; bodies failed and strength and plans seemed to go with this failure.

That verse again: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Well, her youth was over, and she hadn't done much remembering. Unless you'd call giving eight children to the Lord a way of remembering Him. She had watched over them and cared for their home and food and clothes so that they would be presentable when Daddy took them to church. And they were good children. She hoped they would remember their Creator in the days of their youth while they had health and faith and ideals, and so do more for Him than she had been able to accomplish. She felt sure they would.

The day was so warm and so still and she, so drowsy, that she fell quietly asleep.

* * * * *

When Daddy and the children found her lying back in the motionless rocking chair, there was a sort of half-smile on her face—a more contented look than they had seen her wear for many years.

They thought she must have reached some happy conclusion and departed with a sure conviction about something. Sorrowfully they relinquished her into the keeping of the Lord, and the minister, by her grave, solemnly intoned the words that little Cloud remembered having read the day before: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not . . . "

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FARMVILLE -:- -:- VIRGINIA

Cicero

NANCY SAUNDERS

A former student at S. T. C.

ONCE upon a time there was a guy named Marcus Tullius Cicero who hung out around a burg called Rome. Cicy's Mom and Pop called him Cicero, but no doubt he would have been called "Tully" in this modern time.

Cicy's Pop was set on Cicy's and his brother, Quinty's, having a corking good education so Cicy settled down to rhetoric and philosophy. Soon he was saturated with these, so he grabbed a seat in the senate and decided to become a big time politician. For a while he raised bloody hell until he had cleaned up Rome in good fashion. The people thought that he was such a good guy that they let him run for consul, which means president in our language.

Now, there was a villain named Cataline who wanted to grab the president's seat, too, so he thought of a plan to upset the apple cart of the empire. Cicy found out in time that Caty was a villainous man, and he dashed off to the senate to deliver a few orations against Caty. He told the people that Caty was a heel and that he should be kicked out of Rome. Caty wasn't partial to Cicy's lingo so he just decided to up and murder him.

Somehow Cicy got around more than Caty thought he did because he discovered Caty's plan and put the damper on it. Finally, Cicy defeated Caty for the president's seat, and Caty was given the works because the people thought him to be a traitor to the cause.

Cicy amused himself by delivering orations and writing books. People liked to hear him blow off because he could be darned convincing. He wasn't much of a statesman 'cause his nose got in the way of his seeing reason, but he had the gift of gab.

All in all, that Cicero was quite a fellow. Even Hitler would have a hard time holding a candle to him—'specially since the old fellow wasn't partial to candles and he's been dead thousands of years anyway.

Peace Upon a Hill

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills - - - -"

MARTHA ROBERTS, '42

I want to stand upon a hill
And watch the world around me—
A world of trees and sky and wind—
A world of certainty.

I'm restless—tired; I want to hear
No sound except the wind.
I want to stand there all alone
With Solitude, my friend.

I want to climb back down again
Whene'er I have the will,
Yet know that I can always find
True peace upon a hill.

To Brave Men Who Die

Louise Phillips, '42

These men who daily die . . .
No loved ones hear their cry,
These men who daily die!

What think they when
Bold Death hard by,
Stalks closer, closer, evil spy,
And then . . .
Pounces quick
Like lightning from a surly sky?

Without a farewell cry
Or whispered last goodbye
These brave men daily die.

Tribute

Carolyn Beard, '44

TO-NIGHT, brave lads, somewhere on the sea you are rocked by the great billows that splash and beat against the bow of your man-of-war. The wild winds whine and the white-capped waves roar with anger. All nature seems opposed to this force.

To-night God holds in His strong hands the tiny threads of life which separate you from death's cold grasp.

The greediness of man, that desire for power born of hate, has put you on this sea, but the love for your country lies buried deep in your unselfish, American hearts.

You stand guard, your eyes fixed on the horizon and on the eternal skies, ever guarding your most cherished possession—freedom. There you stand in wind and rain, taking no thought of yourselves, thinking only of your country, your home, and your friends.

"God bless you, noble sailor lads," and may He send His guardian angels to guide you safely through the darkest nights into the glorious dawn of victory. May He guide your ship to port where free voices are raised in song and our flag forever shall wave,

"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Torn Youth

Florence Thierry, '42

Torn youth! . . .
Giant tasks crumbling wills fast,
Grasping,
Asking all of young bodies and minds.
Young souls reluctant to the last,
Swaying,
Praying, "God, why war in these our times?"

Torn Youth! . . .
Life and hope given—all
Bravely,
Gravely wanting in return—peace.
Young souls still despairing of the call,
Knowing
Sowing strife is ever war's increase.

Torn youth! . . .
No human power can draw us
Together.
Far better, ask union of God.
All men of earth are parted, too,
Recoiling,
Spoiling peace dreams with crosses on the sod.

The Circus Is Coming to Town

VIRGINIA SEDGLEY, '43

THE fact was undeniable except, of course, to Emily. But to Alice and Tom there was no other alternative. They just had to believe it. There it was in big black letters on the white leaflets that the Negro boy had thrown on their porch.

"THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END. ARE YOU PREPARED?" Emily might be, but Alice and Tom knew that they weren't. It wasn't that they weren't well-behaved children who never did anything really bad but just that the circus was coming to town next week and they didn't want to go anywhere until they had seen the animals and the clowns and all the rest. Just then Emily ran up and Tom hastily stuffed the paper under his shirt.

"Whatcha got?"

"Nothin'."

"Oh, yes, you do," and she tried to grab it. Tom backed away. "You'd better tell me or I'll tell Mother and she'll make you tell."

"If you go tattling to Mother, I'll tell about you going down by the river, and won't you get it!"

"Oh, shut up, Tom, and you, too, Alice, you old cry-baby."

"I am not a cry-baby," sobbed Alice.

"You are, so there."

"Come on Alice, we don't want to play with a girl like her. We'll just have a secret by ourselves." And Tom dragged Alice, still sobbing, past Emily and around the barn. While Alice was still dabbing at her eyes Tom pulled the crumpled paper from under his shirt, smoothed it out and tried to read what else was printed on it.

"3:30 at the Holy Hopper's Church," read Tom. "Now what does that mean, Alice?" Alice, her interest diverted from her eyes to the paper, pondered.

"It must mean that he is going to be

there." And she pointed to the picture in the center of the page.

"It must be Jesus," said Tom, "My Sunday School teacher says that He is the one who is coming again."

"No, it can't be Jesus," objected Alice, "'Cause that man is old and has a white beard and Jesus is young and doesn't have a beard. I saw His picture."

"Do you think He is coming for sure?"

"It must be so, there it is Tom, right on the paper."

"Maybe He won't come all the way over here."

"What can we do?" And Alice began to cry again.

"I know, we'll hide in the chicken-house."

"But God'll find us there."

"Okay then, we'll hide in the barn loft. Daddy says not even the Devil would go up there."

"Let's hurry then, Tom. I just heard the town clock strike three." They both dashed into the barn and ran over to where the ladder led up to the loft.

"You go first Tom, there might be a mouse."

"Scaredy-cat! Whose afraid of a little mouse."

"You go first anyway."

Tom clambered up and Alice followed at his heels.

"Whew, it's dusty up here. Ah-choo!" Alice sneezed and sneezed.

"Let's hide under those horse blankets over there."

"They're so dirty, Tom, let's not."

"Do you want Him to find you?" Without another word Alice walked over to them and watched as Tom gingerly picked up one edge.

"You go first, Tom. There might be a mouse."

"Oh, you girls. Always afraid of a little mouse."

He crawled under, making a little cave, and Alice came in after him.

"It's so dark under here, Tom."

"Quit shoving."

"These old blankets smell bad and besides they itch. I'm going to get out."

"Be quiet, do you want Him to hear you." She subsided and they lay there in the dark clinging to each other.

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"That noise. It sounds like someone was calling us. Oh, Tom, He's come for us. He's found us."

"Stop your crying and maybe He won't find us."

"There it is again, and it's closer." Sure enough! Even Tom heard it now. It sounded like it was right in the barn.

"Tom, Alice, where are you?"

The children hugged each other even tighter.

"Tom, Alice, it's me, Emily. Where are you?"

"Oh, it's Emily, it's not Him."

"Shut up, it may be just a trick."

"God doesn't play tricks, silly. Here we are, Emily."

Alice ran to the ladder and started to climb down.

"What were you doing up there, and where's Tom?"

'He's coming. We were just playing. Hurry up, Tom."

"That's a funny place to play." Tom climbed down, too, and the children went out into the yard. Alice and Tom blinked from the bright sunlight.

"There goes the four o'clock whistle, Tom."

"What have you and Tom been up to, Alice. That whistle blows every day and you never paid any attention to it before."

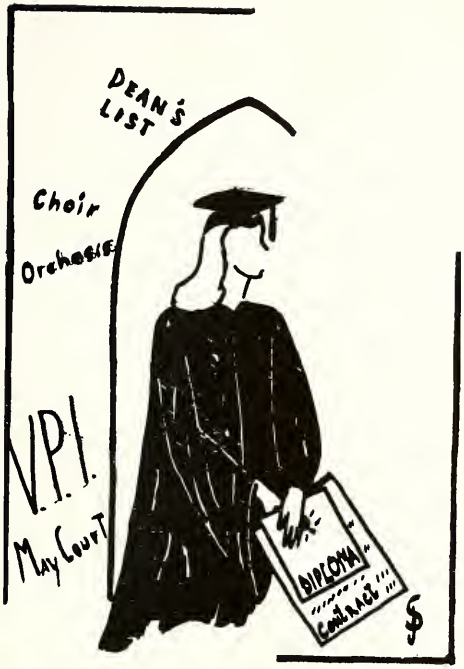
"Nothing."

"I don't care anyway. What I called you for was to tell you that the man is putting up the circus posters on the wall of Sullivan's garage. They're real big and pretty. Come in and see." The three ran pell-mell down the street in the direction of Sullivan's garage.

"I guess He didn't find us, Tom."

"That's okay, we can go next time He comes. Oh, boy, look at the pictures of those lions."

And He only smiled from way up high and nodded His head.



Presenting . . . A Senior

VIRGINIA KENT SEDGLEY

SHE HAS a position in a school near home, a diamond ring from a boy "somewhere in Australia," and a dearly beloved, though disreputable, trench-coat that has seen four years of college life.

Her name is found on the Dean's, list and she is in as many activities as time and Student Standards will let her . . . After a quarter of Student Teaching, she is able to speak gibly of the "problem of a teacher." She also has some very concrete material on the problem of teaching thirty irrepressible youngsters.

She is crazy about teaching, Sociology 407 (Marriage), and hamburgers . . . She hates to get up in the morning and hates to go to bed at night . . . She likes to wear her cap and gown to Chapel on Fridays, and beams with pride whenever she sees and greets a pupil on the street.

She knows that after Commencement she will be very sad to leave the gay life of the college, but she also knows that she will be standing on the threshold of a new, adult life.

That Senior will be a success as a teacher and a success in life as well because college has taught her how to live with others in harmony and joy. Her habits will be good because college has taught her the value of clean and healthy living. She will be a good American because she has learned from college that democracy is the only true way of life.

Say good-bye to the school girl for even as you are speaking she has become a woman with a woman's wiles.

Devotedly, Madeline

IRMA H. PAGE, '43

Excerpts from Some Letters

May 1—Today I know that I don't love him. Yes, I've felt this way before, Mother, but I've never been more sure of this fact than I am now as I sit here writing to you. I can't give any reason for this change of heart, but I know. You are going to say after reading this letter as you have said so many times before: "It's just because you're young, my darling. Nothing can be more puzzling than young love." And in my mind I will probably answer: 'Maybe so—.' But, Mother, today I'm so sure that I do not love him.

May 2—My darling Mother, may I take back again the statement that I made in my letter to you yesterday—the statement that I have so often made. Oh, I know I am probably fickle, but today I received the most adoring letter from him. When I took it from my Post Office box, I wasn't at all enthusiastic, but after opening it my heart felt as if it would tear itself right out through my breast. Sometimes I wonder if he makes a copy of Robert Browning's letters to Elizabeth Barrett, Mother. He writes so beautifully. Mother, today I love him.

May 9—A week has passed and I have not heard from him. My heart aches. How could he be so cruel? What could be wrong? Do you suppose he has had a change of heart? There is a little blonde he's been dating. She is awfully cute. But I hate her! Now I take that back, Mother, dear—I'm just jealous of her.

I'm so mixed up—my heart and mind are all entangled. I can't study—I can't think clearly. Mother, do I love him?

Devotedly,

Madeline

Tables Turned

JANE KNAPTON, '45

MARCIA LEVON, beautiful, immaculate, and poised, sat at her desk in the room behind the doors that had ***Sutherland Interior Decorating Company —President,*** tastefully printed on the iridescent glass. At the moment she was holding a letter she had just opened and read. It was written in a flowing feminine hand, and the paper was of that cheap variety sold in the Five and Ten's. The note was signed simply, "Sue."

Marcia sat still, musing cynically at the contents of the bright, cheery note. So Sue had fallen to this! All this rubbish about Sue dropping in to see her today to gossip a bit about their old college life had some purpose behind it. Marcia prided herself that no one had ever been able to pull the wool over her eyes. She was always suspicious of people who suddenly became friendly. Her theory was that this concealed some ulterior motive.

"So," she reflected, "the glamour girl of our campus needs a job. She certainly must, or she'd never have bothered to write to me telling me she'd drop in this afternoon . . . Well, well," she said softly, "Sue will find out I'm not a person to be pushed around ***now.***"

There were two delicious events in store for Marcia—to have sweet revenge of showing Sue the beautiful, important person that she, Marcia, had become, and even more important, the thought of seeing Bob, dear, fiery-crowned Bob, who was in town this very afternoon. She glanced at the item in the paper again to make sure. Yes, there it was. That same old familiar name that used to thrill her so when he was a football star in the college that she, Sue, and Bob had attended.

She had been a quiet, rather unattractive girl then, but, she thought spitefully, not even Sue, glamour girl that she had been, ever really landed Bob.

She relaxed contentedly, and smiled in anticipation of seeing him again. This time —well, things were different now.

A tapping on the door suddenly interrupted her thoughts. The door opened, and into the room stepped Sue. With a bit of surprise, Marcia noticed that she was more beautiful than ever, but although she was not expensively dressed there was an inner glow of warmth and radiance about her that had never been there before.

Sue looked at Marcia and then darted over to her and cried impulsively, "Marcia! you're gorgeous! What have you done to yourself?"

Marcia stiffened and greeted her old school mate coldly. Sue, although a bit abashed at her cool reception, prattled on, mostly about their college escapades of a few years ago. Finally, rebuffed by Marcia's polite indifference, she stopped uncertainly, and smiling a little, said, "I really wanted to stop and see you while I was here, Marcia. You're looking well, and you've certainly done well for yourself—your grand job, lovely office and everything. Well, I think I've done well for myself, too."

("So she didn't have nerve enough to ask me for a job after all," thought Marcia scornfully.)

"You see," continued Sue, "I'm married, Marcia. And we're very happy."

("Hmm," Marcia reflected, "probably some poor clerk with a very small salary, judging from the looks of her clothes. I never thought I'd see Sue housekeeping in some little flat—and seeming so happy about it, too.")

So she congratulated Sue rather condescendingly, and as Sue turned to go, she said softly, "My husband is outside waiting for me in the car. Do look out Marcia, I want you to see him."

Then she closed the door, and Marcia, prompted by curiosity to see what kind of man Sue had so gladly married, moved to the window, and pulling aside the drapes, glanced out in time to see Sue just stepping into a shabby little convertible and laughing up into the eyes of a tall, sunburned man with a thatch of bright red hair. Marcia's knuckles grew white as she clenched the draperies, and through a mist of sudden tears, watched Bob and Sue ride out of sight—together.

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SQUIBS

FIDDLE HAYMES, '43

THE WELL EQUIPPED COW

Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, has received the following essay from a ten-year old London East End boy, evacuated from London to the country.

The cow is a mammal. It has six sides, right and left, upper and below. At the back of it is a tail on which hangs a brush. With this he sends flies away so that they don't fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with. Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away! This is the reason for fresh air in the country. A man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing at all it is because its insides are full up with grass.

—N. Y. Times
October 30, 1941

Editor's Note: We thought perhaps some of you missed this informative little essay.

•

A little girl received a teddy bear for her birthday. Of course, the first thing she did was drop it on its head—its eyes got stuck cross-eyed. When asked by her mother what she meant to name her bear, the little girl replied: "Daily".

"Daily!" exclaimed her mother, "why in the world should you call him Daily?"

"Why after that hymn we sing in Sunday School—'Daily, My Cross-Eyed Bear'."

•

1st: "What goes 999 klunk, 999 klunk, 999 klunk?"
2nd: "Search me."
1st: "Centipede with a wooden leg."

—THE BAPTIST STUDENT

•

"How do you find yourself these cool mornings?"

"Oh, I just throw back the covers and there I am."

—"OLD MAID"

"Why are you sprinkling that grass seed over yourself, Miss Garbo?"

"I want to be a-lawn."

—OLD MAID

•

Calf (looking at silo): "I wonder if my fodder's in dere."

—VIRGINIA "SPECTATOR"

•

Biology prof: "What insect requires least nourishment?"

Stude: "The moth. It eats holes."

—VIRGINIA "SPECTATOR"

•

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr.
But when he drew near
She bit off his ear
And now he is very much dephyr.

—VIRGINIA "SPECTATOR"

•

1st: Do you file your nails?
2nd: Yes, don't you?
1st: Naw, I just throw 'em away.

•

Silas Clam
Lies on the floor.
He tried to slam
A swinging door.

•

The road show was playing a poor town.

"We are alone?" hissed the villain.

"Almost," rejoined his partner, looking sadly at the rows of seats.

•

1st Mosquito: "What are you making so much fuss about?"

2nd Ditto: "Whoopee! I just passed the screen test."

What did the - - - -

Bullet say as it passed another?
"Hi slug!"

Rug say to the floor?
"Don't move! I've gotcha covered."

Stocking say to another?
"S'long. I gotta run."

Ceiling say to the wall?
"Hold me up. I'm plastered."

One drop of cream say to another?
"Let's go over in a corner and curdle"

Key say to the keyhole?
"What do you hear from the knob?"

Mamma deer say to Poppa deer?
"Hya Buck!"

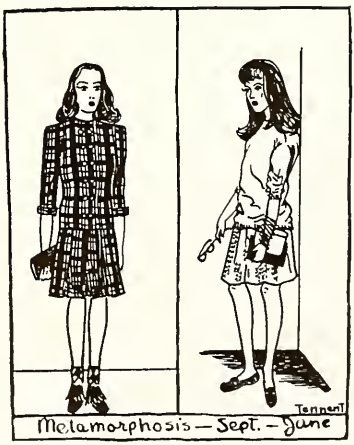
•

"Tough luck," said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the frying-pan into the friar."

•

Several English prisoners in a German concentration camp were discussing the war when one of the German guards came up and got into the conversation. "Well," he said, "when the war is over I plan to take a bicycle tour over all the territory that Hitler has conquered."

"Really?" asked one of the Englishman. "And what do you plan to do in the afternoon?"



Glorious Morning Face

Continued From Page 12

Carol closed the library at four-thirty, and went with the packages and flowers that the colored boy had not been able to take. She had expected to surprise Mrs. Kay, but she was the one to be surprised. There were flowers in every room; the kitchen was stocked with fruits, jellies, custards, etc. No one had sent anything extravagant, yet all of them, together seemed like an enormous quantity.

Suddenly a realization came over Carol. It was like a new idea being born. There seemed to be a secret code between Mrs. Kay and those persons she knew so well. These remembrances were little things. Each was a symbol, and that was all that was needed. There was the strong knowledge between each that if something went wrong there was someone you could depend upon. Mrs. Kay was fully repaid for her thoughtfulness, in the strength of knowing that it built up something stronger than mere acquaintanceship. It may not have meant much in business, but it counted most in life.

Queer Duck?

Continued From Page 15

row. The silence was overwhelming as he led his Mother to the stage and presented her to his school chums and their parents. Slowly, proudly, and halfway defiantly, he told of his arrival in the United States at the age of five from Italy and of his family's extreme poverty. He told of the scrubing of floors and great washings his mother had done these many years to send him to college—she who had never gone further than the third grade but who had wanted for her son all that her willing hands could give him in this land of opportunity where a poor woman's son could rise to great heights through honest willing and doing.

Jim Bradley's eyes were moist as he bid Tony goodbye on the campus and, as his Dad joined him and walked to the dormitory to help him with his bags, Jim turned to him and said weakly, "Dad, I think this cup's a silly!" His father laughed heartily and with a twinkle in his eye seized the cup and rejoined, "My boy, your college education has been a huge success! Why, you've got a grand set of values deep-rooted in you, and it took this one noble disclosure today to make you aware of them. Incidentally, if you don't mind, I'll keep this cup. You see, my boyish heart was broken at my graduation when I missed getting it by a few points, but I was betting on you even then to get it for me."

Their laughter mingled joyfully, and Bradley sought his father's hand and whispered tensely, "Dad, you're a brick!"

Introducing Australia

Continued From Page 19

war has increased our relationship, and it is quite probable that the settlement after the war will draw us even closer. "The fundamental trouble", says Mr. Gratton, "is that the Australians know little about the United States, and the Americans know even less about Australia." For this reason the book is highly recommended, and because, in itself it is worth reading. "Although not embellished with bitter wars of liberation or many soul-stirring personal martrydoms, the story of the Australians has a fascination of its own."

—Lucy Turnbull, '42

Maggie

Continued From Page 8

through the rain.

"Queer sort", he thought, and went into the house.

The stranger was talking from the station phone. "Look, Hank, this is Bill. I'm off that job for tonight, see. Yeah, I mean I'm through. What am I gonna' do? Well, I guess I'll take to something straight and go to live with my folks, S'long, Hank."

It had stopped raining outside, and the stranger's eyes softened as he neared the Junction boarding house.

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